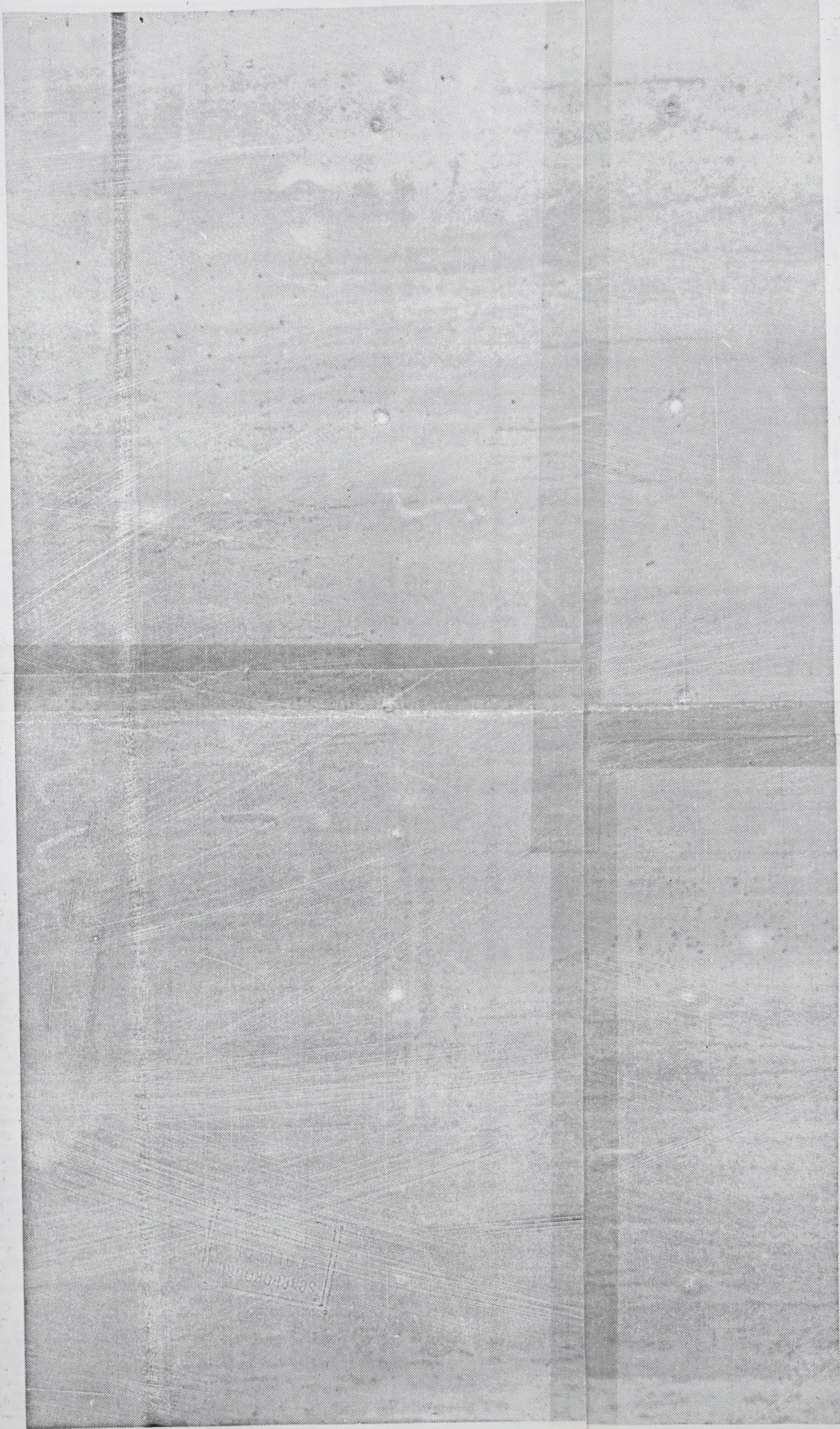


BILCONY SQUAKE

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THE SQUARE balcony

Published by the Students of Scarborough College

LINNY BREAU
AT
FIVE JAZZ CONCERT

Ved. March 31
12 to 2

Probably
Canada's
best
jazz
guitarist.

**THREE
CHEERS**

Scarborough College saw its first organized effort at a Student activity in the winter carnival two weekends ago. Like a miracle, the SCSS not only decided that they would sponsor the carnival long enough before the actual date of the event so that adequate preparation and advertising could be accomplished, but someone actually DID do adequate preparation and advertising. As a matter of fact, it was so well planned that Chuck Milgrom, the organizer, could leave for a week in Florida during Reading Week. This is definitely a first as far as SCSS sponsored activities go, and it would be in the initial planning stages yet, if Tom Simpson's athletic committee had been doing it.

What I find so saddening about it is 1) the scarcity of participants in all the activities — which will likely cure itself when it becomes known that Scarborough College runs a good Winter Carnival and 2) the fact that it has taken the SCSS almost the entire school year to get together to the point where they are capable of putting forth this effort, when essentially this is what they were supposed to be doing all year.

Also deserving creditable notice was the loosening of the purse strings to spend enough money to get a half-decent group for the concert (although now we are BROKE), and all the student volunteers who pitched in to help. Chuck Milgrom also wants me to mention him because he is after a position on the Student Society next year and has to be elected. What he doesn't know is that this will be printed too late to do him any good.

It was a good carnival anyhow, Chuck.

jean

25,000 SUMMER JOBS

The new Student Summer Job Annual lists jobs alphabetically and by area in Metro Toronto. This fact filled directory of over 1000 companies — answers important questions:
Who? Where? When? How? Many?
Send \$5.45 for your postpaid copy to:
National Student Services,
Dept. Y B, Box 16, Station "G",
Toronto 6, Ontario.

ANAL RESISTANCE

dave aylward - dead or alive
bill chandler - with or without
paul laevens - last seen
leighton mcleod - and tan
ron mortson - lost in North York
brook taylor - conversion factor
jean weir - sometimes

The Best Little Rag on Campus

ARM PIT DAILY CHRONICLE

by Terry the Freak
Friday March 11

Frubah! The Geog BOY FEELED TRIP started with a pop as various and sundry containers opened at the start of the bus engine. By the time the group reached the Yankee border (with its liquor store pit stop) things were really rolling. A souvenir collection was started at the same time as an obscene sing-song (which was to last most of the weekend) featuring such old favorites as "Harry Sims is a Useless Tit" and "I need a Gang Bang". As of yet, a complete list of trophies has not been compiled, but notices from the U.S. Customs Office and condemned buildings are running a close second to Yankee flags and tombstones. Each individual was awarded a year's supply of hot slag at no cost by U.S. Steel. Plans are underway to "rip off" a Bessemer blast furnace, although difficulties are expected in getting it through customs.

Saturday March 12

As the bus wove its weary way through such scenic areas as "West Elizabeth" and the "Allegheny County Airport", we were enthusiastically greeted by natives in quaint costumes who pressed upon us gifts of a black, sooty mineral to which they attributed great magical powers. A tribal official of some sort arrayed in blue and white, with a silver metallic trinket on his hip refused us permission to enter a tabu area, causing great hardship to some members of the expedition who had anticipated a stop at a nearby water hole.

Saturday March 12

Hi kids! It's Uncle Al time once again, and we'll start off today's program with the next episode of the continuing adventures of the Little Red Skule Bus. Since we last looked in on our friends, many exciting things have happened. They have discovered a new companion in Red Pop, and the Penguins have been disowned,

U.S. Steel has raised their free offer to all the hot slag you can eat plus a bucketful of no deposit-no return Pittsburgh air. Yet another thing — now you know what the "screaming awfuls" feel like, right Mike? FLASH — Last night the lobby was occupied by a select force of highly trained and disciplined alcoholics who fought a rearguard action for the benefit of all while exchanging obscenities with anybody who showed the slightest interest.

Meanwhile, Peter was being hustled by the waitress while everybody stole towels ashtrays, etc. The big weekend special at the "Spread Eagle" featured hash pipes at \$1.00 and roach clips at \$3.00. For those otherwise inclined, the State Store featured a homicidal cop with a bad temper. "All time favorite" continues to be Frothy's Beer Outlet even though they consider six-packs (as well as other group diversions) immoral.

Final Edition

"Good People Make it Good"

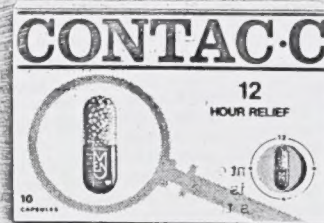
The students involved with Professors Tayyeb and Bunce and Jackie Cheng would like to thank them sincerely for their enthusiastic efforts on our behalf. To express our appreciation to the fullest extent possible, we hereby donate 100 tons of hot slag annually to them and their heirs in perpetuity.

FINAL SCORES — JUST IN!!!

Pittsburg	— 26
Ali	— 24
(Reciprocation is a criminal offense)	
Mike	— 35
(Try harder next time — a fair effort)	
Terry	— 35
Farquay	— 1

(Due to circumstances beyond our control)

DON'T
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YOUR
COOL...



or your nose for up to 12 hours
with Contac-C

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

F.L.E.S.

The members of F.L.E.S. were delighted to learn that Monty Python's Flying Circus has many loyal viewers at Scarborough College. They collected 226 names during the three days that the "Help Monty Python" PETITION CIRCULATED hoped that the petition will hasten the return of one of this year's best programmes.

Letters can be sent to:
The Canadian Broadcast-
ing Corp.
Box 500, Postal Station A
Toronto, Ontario

Crude Politics at Scarborough College

This letter is in reference to the "meeting" held in the cafeteria just prior to reading week.

No dear members of the student council, a forum in the cafeteria, or in the meeting place, for that matter, won't produce results. People who have legitimate ideas and proposals will not succumb to the idiotic notion of standing up in front of a noisy, completely disinterested group of students. To be politically effective today, even to be heard today, some sort of respect (on both sides) and organization is needed. What good is any meeting if the chairman cannot call the people to some sort of order. Meetings (by their very nature) require someone to keep order and give the speaker a chance to be heard. Democracy should not imply "he who shouts loudest wins".

You will not get student participation in organized meetings without student life. I believe that as long as this is a nine-to-five college, with very little to offer beyond lectures and tutorials, you can expect the sort of apathy and disrespect found at these forums. This college needs residences, it needs recreational facilities on the grounds. Without these material things to create a focal point for student interest, college life at Scarborough (outside classes) will remain limited to an afternoon poker game or a half-assed attempt at a forum. This college is failing not because of student apathy but because of severe structural deficiencies and that can not be blamed on the students. I suggest a letter to your local M.P. might be more effective.

We've waited for the residences for quite a while and I wouldn't suggest holding your breath this time even though they are 'promised'. I feel that the co-ops are at least a beginning for the people at Scarborough to get together.

To me the co-ops offer a mode of living somewhere between a family and living alone. I've outgrown my family but I'm not too proud to admit that I need people around. I guess what I'm trying to say is that the co-op house that I live in has given me freedom and security.

There are only nine houses in the Scarborough co-op system. I feel that an expansion of this type of living would greatly enhance college life at Scarborough.

Jill McNamee

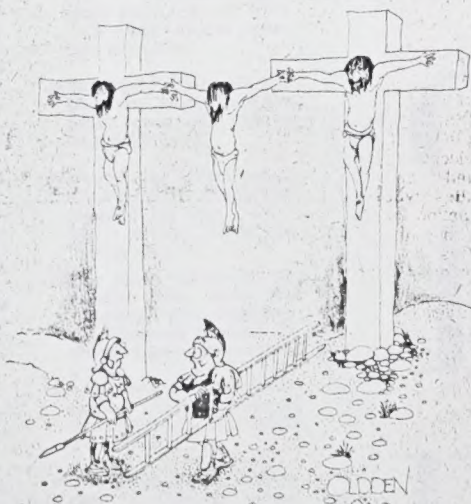
b.s. edits

When this guy came in last December or January (I forget which) and said he wanted to put out a paper, we more or less thought he was insane, or hard up, or both. Then we never saw him for about two months except for occasional appearances to ask if he could do a 128-page issue instead of the original 4. The 8 pages you're getting are a compromise between idealism, ideas, time and energy.

This is a good paper, we think it's a good paper, so it's up to you to read it, and so on and so forth.

Besides which, we didn't have to write it which makes it easier on us, easier on you, some new ideas, and some new styles.

Anyhow, this is his paper, not ours. Defenses, vituperative communications and pats on the back may be directed to Phil and his staff through the Balcony Square office.



The Senate slashed our budget...

TOALL OF US

By Phil Weir, an angry burning muffin
(and also a "student" at this building)

First, allow me to say that I did not write the angry and desperate letter (hate letter?) which circulated around this building during November (Remember? It was signed "a muffin"). For the sake of those who didn't get around to reading it, the general gist of it was that this "College" is really "fucked up". However, I do sympathize with the poor fellow. He finds himself another one of us "muffins". (Webster's New School and Office Dictionary defines "muffin" as "a soft, light, spongy, round cake".) Our ingredients are being carefully measured, added, and blended over a low heat — low so that we won't realize that we are being cooked — very carefully so that we won't burn or catch fire before (or after) we leave the grey interior of this "muffin maker".

(Have you heard the latest nickname being shared by Messrs. Plumptre, Colman, Riddick and Patenall — "The Pillsbury Doe Boys". — funny?)

The bakers feel that hopefully, when all of us muffins get off the line and leave the cookery, we will be quickly swallowed up by the rich, spoilt (because they couldn't be so hungry as to really want to eat all of the paper trimming lavished upon us "muffins" by our makers), slightly hungry gourmets of the business world. Yes, I think "muffins" is a very good name for us. The only difference between you and the muffin who wrote that letter, is that he realized he was being burnt, and he screamed as loud as he could.

Now screaming is not a very good way of getting someone to listen to you when they have decided not to listen to you anyway. But man! when you're getting burnt you don't think of these things, so I don't hold the obscenities in that letter against the poor muffin. He was desperate, and probably still is, and was trying, in the best way he knew (yes we do pay more attention when someone says "this fucking place" instead of just "this place") to communicate with the rest of us who are all being cooked in this factory. Some of us laughed at him; some of us heard what he said, realized why he said it, why he said it in that way, and also wanted to see if some of the things he said were true. (He unfortunately forgot that muffins are ignorant of such things and have to be convinced by words ringing of wisdom and not anger).

I guess you can call me one of the second group. I decided to keep my eyes, ears, and most importantly my mind, open and try to figure out exactly what is going down at this "College". (The descriptive noun "building" suits reality much more correctly). The following are my thoughts and suggestions. If you care enough to open your eyes, even if only to read, I think that all of us can see what's going on.

I write this for all of my fellow muffins at this College. I am trying to write for all of those of us who see how we are getting burnt, although at present we are an all too small minority. And I write in the hope that we might all realize our position and do something about it.

After I present my case against the College as it is now, I will present what I and a few other muffins consider workable suggestions of how we can change. Scarborough College does not have to be what it is now. We can change. And it isn't as hard as you might think.

"Together we could be so strong."

Please care, even if it's only for yourself. We must help ourselves, because if we don't, no-one will, and we will be muffins for the rest of our lives.

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255

MORNINGSIDE AVE

activities

by Phil Wier, an angry burning muffin (and also a 'student at this building)

first of all, I watched and noted the activities of the majority (I pray not all) of the 'students' here at marvellous 'Scarborough College'.

1 Scarborough College is: The place where we GO (if you are reading this somewhere other than at the 'College'), or COME (if you are reading this at the 'College', where all College Newspapers should be read if they are College Newspapers).

2 The place where we listen to lectures, which, for the sake of the cynic reading this, we do enjoy once in a while and which we possibly take notes about, or doodle during. (N.B. For those of you who wish to make up a 'time score' of how much your time at this 'College' spent doing each of these activities - remember 'real listening' occurs usually for about thirty minutes of each 'lecture hour' SO DON'T cheat and put an hour of 'lecture listening' for each 'lecture hour').

3 The place where we attend seminars, tutorials, or labs, labs, tutorials, or seminars. (ED.NOTE. This line is printed twice so that neither artsies or sciences will claim tch, tch, for favouritism). (N.B. For score keepers - same procedure as for lectures except divide by 'as many as you can get away with').

4 The place where we sometimes study or use the library.

5 The place where we sit around in the "meeting place" (quaint name, eh?).

6 The place where once a month our mighty makers allow us to sit and watch at a play or concert in the "meeting place" (of course we can't do anything without permission - we can't even play frisbee! (ask Peter Millard about his incident with Mr. Plumptre) - or laugh aloud!

7 The place where we sit around in what the administration has the guts to call the student lounges (you know the spots in the HALL of the "Humanities" wing where those chairs, and tables are).

8 The place where we sit around in the cafeteria - sometimes daring to eat. (Or if we feel boisterous, we break into a rousing game of Bridge).

9 The place where we sit around in the coffee house (if and when it's open - notice how it gets smaller all the time).

10 The place where we sit around on the steps leading into the "meeting place".

11 The place where we sit around on the steps at the far end of the "Humanities" wing.

12 The place where we sometimes get tremendously inspired and go sliding down a good old snowy hill, or take a walk through a winter valley (N.B. These things are great but they are a little cool to do for prolonged and frequent periods and so rarely occur - remember, we do go to the "College" from the end of September until early April, i.e. all WINTER - and Toronto's winters are cold).

13 The place where we can find the best, cleanest public cans this side of Markham Road.

14 The place where we sit around and rap about how messed up this "College" is (let alone the "University").

15 The place where we sit around and read the "Varsity" (for laughs) or the "Balcony Square" (if we're really desperate).

16 The place where we walk around in desperation looking for SOMETHING TO DO!

17 The place where anyone can, for free, go to see one of the best psychiatrists in Canada.

18 The place we leave as soon as we possibly can!

19 The place that hands us out a piece of paper if we can take it for three - make that two, plus one downtown - years!

20 The place we will be able to tell our grandchildren about - and warn them not to go to!

t o a l l o f u s



NEWS RELEASE

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Can now provide a complete set of 21 Wall Charts covering Engineering Metrology Parameters, and showing the various instruments in each Parameter.

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Contact: 1111 Finch Avenue West,
Unit 34, Finch Centre,
Downsview, Ontario.

DEAR READER: IF YOU FILL IN ALL THE "O's", "P's", "L's" and "E's" you will get a picture of position number 37 of the Karma Sutra.



ABOUT ACTIVITIES

concerning this list of activities at 'Scarborough College' the building (the slab) ---- The "powers that be", in their glorious, creatively designed (and written) "Calendar", seem to leave out quite a few of the most popular activities, and seem to add quite a few very unpopular ones, judging by the number of participants in each activity per day. Check your copy of "THE CALENDAR" (gold print), especially on pages 125, 131-2, and see if you can find anything even mildly resembling activities #five through twenty on the list (#20 is implied). And yet these are what you and I spend most of our non-lecture hours doing every day at this "College".

Read the Calendar - the line you were fed to make you want to come here. And when was the last time you shot a bow and arrow down in the valley? Or played tennis? Or golf? Or football? And when you have an hour between classes, are you really going to get in your car, or walk, or take a bus, to go work out in a gymnasium, indoor ice arena, swimming pool, or curling rink? ... how many miles away? Where is the curling rink we can use anyway? If you want to find out about any of these things, try talking to someone in S.A.C. - Who is in S.A.C. anyway? Anyway, the point is: who the hell is going to go to any of these places between classes?!

This is a nine to five institution, and until residences are built it will probably stay that way (I hope not, but I must be realistic). So shouldn't the "activities" be during the day (except for special events - dances, etc.) and shouldn't they take place IN THE BUILDING WE HAVE?

In the eyes of the administration we may be naive, - I may be naive

- but when I think about my College, and you think

about your College, don't you equate that "Scarborough College" with the place you go to about four (Maximum five) days a week? There isn't anything metaphysical about what a "College" IS this building and what goes on inside or near it - and that only!

You can pacify yourself by thinking that you are a part of that active thing called "The University of Toronto", but the stuff that happens downtown does not happen here, and unless it does happen here, or unless you do go downtown and take part in what happens (which isn't all that much) on main campus, then it is not part of your "College", so don't delude yourself. This "College" is what we, here in this building, make it in this building, make it - AND NOTHING ELSE!

The investment in the profs, library, bookstore, building, land, and other equipment paid for by "the makers" are theirs, and we cannot cause damage to them against their will. (I just lost fifty readers who thought I was Jerry Rubin in disguise - sorry). HOWEVER, our investment is the right (and you better believe it's a right - we paid for it!) to do whatever we, we want with the above "equipment" which we "rent" with our tuition.

If you're going through University to get a paper degree, try a mail order College. If you want to learn and do - because doing is the biggest part of learning - what you think is important, and what you want to be doing instead of what you are told to do ... then I feel sorry for you - you are like me, and out here, actually in any College, that is a very hard thing to do. I do, however, have a few suggestions which I make later on. But we all must learn, in our own ways, what we want, or what is important to us.

get a picture of position number 37 of the Karma Sutra.

NEWS ITEMS

NEWS ITEMS

The following is what information I managed to scrounge up (I've been working on this for three months now). The information is accurate to the best of my knowledge. I got it by talking with profs, heads of departments, heads of divisions, a few members of the "administration", reading, attending meetings, forums, and looking and thinking.

1) NEW BUILDINGS

We are going to get some more grey concrete or should I say the people in Grade 13 now might get it by their last year here. Construction is supposed to start this summer (Praise the Gods!). If you ever walk down the third floor hall of the "Sciences" wing you must see the neat model the big boys have set up (Phase IIA they like to call it) also, you may notice that the previous model with lots of proposed new buildings on it has been removed. We get Phase IIA - after about 3 years construction (with no construction strikes, Government cutbacks, price

raises on materials, or rainy days). So anyway, the College is going to start (continue) the construction of buildings. If you want to see what is going to be in the neat buildings modeled in the "Sciences" wing (they forgot to label it - it's still a neat model though) the layout plans are on the wall

on the fourth floor of the Sciences wing by the stairs which come out at the library on the fifth floor (If you notice, this is the least seen area in the whole "College"). So we're getting buildings - maybe things will be better then. (Mr. Plumptre will lead us to the "Promised Land").

One note of editorial: Erindale got their new buildings - and yet for some reason we didn't! Mind you, it might have had something to do with the fact that the Ontario Government didn't want to spend any extra money last year on education. It also might have had something to do with the fact that the architects have managed to revise the plans now and give us the same buildings for \$1,000,000.00 cheaper. A million dollars! However, when a company sets up two branch plants and one expands while the other stagnates, who is blamed? Isn't it the manager of the Company? Mr. Plumbtre, why did Erindale get new buildings last year, and yet we didn't get anything? (answer - next edition I hope - be wise readers).

2) FEES

Yes, fees go up next year. Up, up, up! Fees for U of T will probably be over \$700.00 next year - that's just tuition. Scarborough College is TRYING TO KEEP OUR FEES BELOW \$650.00.

Isn't that nice of the PillsburyDoe boys? Here's how our fees will be kept "down" by the administration:

First, Hart House fees might be eliminated - not a bad idea.

Second, the division between Arts and Science students may be increased by making a set fee for all, and then adding so much for "lab fees" for Science stu-

dents. That should make all Science students very happy, shouldn't it?

Also, they may introduce "parking fees". But of course, this is the only way to keep our fees "down" - be wise students.

I guess you just can't beat Government cutbacks in funds - good old Government!

3) CAPETERIA

Prices go up next year - ask Tony (the manager)

4) CONSTRUCTION

After three months hard labour, our wonderful athletic association has managed to construct the neatest ice rink beside the "Sciences" wing - just in time for the spring thaw - oh well, at least we got it for a while.

5) PARITY

Check garbage cans for last ten issued of Varsity.

6) 9 to 5

Guess what! This may no longer be a nine to five institution. Next year we may be having classes until nine P.M. (a nine to nine institution) - so don't count on a part time job.

7) SCSS

Does not exist. (Papper Pussycat).

8) COFFEE HOUSE

The Coffee House is reopened. Somewhere else to drink our soma (coffee) and sit arxnd. What ever happened to folk singer and folk music?

9) BALCONY SQUARE

Has become a voice of the students. If you HAVE ONE, use it (I'm using mine - If you don't like it - write a letter to the editors - the staff - anyone!).

10) STAFF

Professor Cave, chairman of the Division of Social Sciences has resigned the position. I guess he got sick of beating his head against concrete walls - ask him - read his letter of resignation (see Mr. Dobbs, Assistant Registrar).

His second in command

has also resigned his position - looks like same reason.

Professor Moir will probably be leaving Scarborough next year - there goes at least half of the History Department not to mention nearly ALL of the "Canadian Content" courses.

Rumour has it that approximately one third of our staff is leaving Scarborough next year - a decision to split the departmental link with downtown would guarantee this. (The dough-bosy want it cut. Why? Answer next edition Mr. Plumptre?)

Oh well, we can always get profs from the States.

11) STATUS OF SCARBOROUGH COLLEGE

The committee is still deliberating. It is a difficult question. Propaganda takes a while to write, but we have experts deliberating.

Photo Exhibit
enter now *before* April 2
the theme is "in my life"
(OPEN TO ALL GO TO S421)
prizes - look for posters

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SUGGESTIONS

Now the time comes — the time you've all been waiting for. This loud mouthed artsie is going to tell you what you should do, like all the other power freaks right? Wrong! (sorry)

My suggestions are not commandments. They are just a few ways I think this place might — just might — get a little better. I don't dig the whole committees, meetings, clubs, pressure groups, propaganda, power trip scene. I'm a human being who's been alive twenty years (more like five of those twenty — the last five). You are a human being too, and I'm not going to try and dictate what that means to you — that's all up to you. But hopefully you are open minded.

The following are a few suggestions which really wouldn't hassle you too much to try.

Suggestion Number One: The "Meeting Place"

My list of activities (earlier in this edition) is not very impressive. I agree that the purpose of a University is to stimulate, and hopefully increase wisdom. But if knowledge is confined to purely academic matters, then it is NOT wisdom. As best as I can see it, wisdom can only come through knowledge AND experience IN ALL FACETS OF LIFE.

Therefore, unless you are a walking, introverted, intellectual Mr. Spock, you don't spend all of your time at this College on your studies. I don't think many people would argue with me when I say that knowledge of LIFE is not learned in the classrooms. If we are to be able to have the opportunity to LEARN (do) about life we must find it outside the lecture theatres. Knowledge which we cannot apply is worthless.

So what am I getting at?

The only way to learn about all facets of life is to live them. And so, with the "spare" time we have between classes, we should be living and learning — and living and learning is not constantly doing the same things over and over again.

SUGGESTION:

SPONTANEOUS!! activity! Just get up and DO something. And when something is organized, don't just sit and watch it — be a part of it! (not just a noisy audience!) If there are not enough chairs for you to get one — SIT ON THE FLOOR! — it isn't really lowering yourself that much!

So what kind of spontaneous activities can we do out here you ask — typical question — "spontaneity" means unplanned — spur of the moment — natural — unrestricted! So use your head. One possibility... how about everybody, I mean EVERYBODY who has, plays, hits or sings with any musical instrument (or otherwise) bring it to school some day. All that needs to be done is to stick up, with scotch tape, about five pieces of paper around the "meeting place" saying "Bring your instruments and or bodies JAM SESSION all day — How 'bout next week — stick a piece of paper up on the walls (if you dig it).

Another idea about the "meeting place" that could help, is temporary dividers — you know like in Kindergarten — why not? There could be about five different things going on in the "meeting place" with nobody hassling anybody else, and still lots of room to walk through easily.

There's one hassle about this. The mighty administration has said that we can only have one "noisy" event per month in the "meeting place". All I can say to that is that if some guard or Prof. came down and demanded quiet... I'd just have to laugh and feel sorry for him.

We rent the "meeting place". Let's use it. Just follow your impulses. Do something — Yell — scream — laugh — run — don't just stare back at the five zillion holes in the grey walls. (That's if you want to — I just wish more people did.)

Suggestion Number Two: Communication and Apathy

We are not apathetic! Most of us just don't want to go through all the hassles that are set up out here to make it almost impossible to do anything. If I think there should be changes out here, I shouldn't have to run for President of SCSS

or join any "power" group. I shouldn't even have to write this paper. But writing this paper is the only way I can hope to influence anyone outside of my "small circle of friends", because out at "Scarboro Slab" you have to scream to be listened to. That's not necessarily because people don't want to listen (although that does happen, sometimes with good reason).

As far as I can see it (or at least this is what I try to believe) the people out at this "College" are just sick and tired of either being bombarded with propaganda on some things, or being kept totally in the dark on other things. It has taken me three months to compile the information (what little I have) which is in this paper. NOBODY should ever have to go through all the hassles I've gone through just to know what the hell is going on at his or her own College. It is the job of the University to let its student know about changes or lack of changes. This "University", and especially this "College", has not been fulfilling this job. Why not? (will you answer in the next edition Mr. Plumtre? — be wise readers).

SUGGESTION:

Why don't Mr. Plumtre and Mr. Colman ever address us, say just to let us know about buildings, fees, the progress of the committee to decide the status of Scarborough College, etc. and they should speak to US in person. If it wasn't for his picture in the front of the "Handbook", I still wouldn't even know what Plumtre looks like! How about just a casual (it definitely should not be formal) speech from both Plumtre and Colman — with a question and answer period. (Unfortunately, for fear of the last part of this suggestion, we will probably never hear from them).

Of course if we really want to know (this is in the opinion it seems) what's going on, we should make an appointment to see them, or join a committee, or "Give a Damn". All I can say is that I spent quite a bit of my time trying to find out what's going on here and I'm still ignorant on many things. I guess I must still be "apathetic" — but it sure as hell is not my fault!

As for this newspaper "Balcony Square" is a voice. Anyone can use it to say virtually anything they want. It only takes ten minutes to write a letter to the editor — you don't even have to sign it.

SUGGESTION:

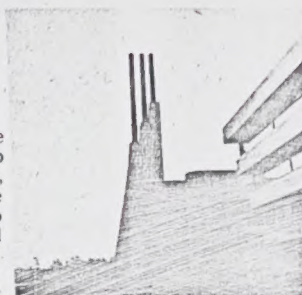
The main communications network at this College, as in every place else, is the grapevine. Unless we talk to each other we stay ignorant. When you see people you don't "know" at this College, recognize them first as human beings, and then as students, as friends — as people who want to learn, like yourself. If we do this, then this building just might get a little warmer. We are all brothers.

Suggestion Number Three: Profs and Us

We are human beings. We feel, and believe it or not, so do Profs. They are not just animals which teach. They should be treated as fellow human beings, who sometimes like to rap.

SUGGESTION:

- When a Prof. is lecturing either listen or ask questions, or shut up. Don't make him or her feel like a circus act.
- If you intend to stay to the end of a lecture, pack up your books after the Prof. stops talking. This is simply common courtesy. If you want to leave early — leave early! But don't help make the last five minutes of the lecture inaudible to people who are interested.
- If you've never sat down and rapped with a Prof. in his or her office, about work, or the weather... you should. You'll probably be surprised how human they are.
- Never lower yourself, or place a Prof. "above" you! Profs. learned what they teach the same way we are learning right now. And they are still learning.



In P.S.

Since I began working on this edition late in December, things have gotten a little better out here, so this isn't written in the viciously angry tone I started with. But we are still getting burnt!

My suggestions are general and they are only those I consider most important right now. If you have any yourself, you can most definitely print them in this paper, but please ACT on them, yours or mine, or both. You might even find yourself.

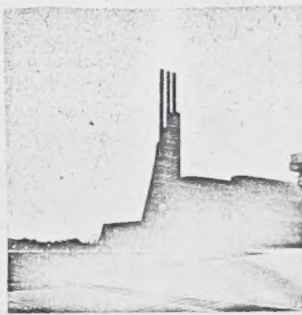
MUFFINS: DO SOMETHING!

DOEBOYS: SAY SOMETHING!

Phil Weir

(If anyone wants an irrelevant bit of knowledge I am in second year)

Peace.



FORUM ON
BUS FEES &
PARKING FEES

IN THE
Cafeteria
TUESDAY,
March 30
12:00 NOON

PUNTILA AND MATTI, HIS HIRED HAND

PUNTILA AND MATTI, HIS HIRED HAND — by Bertolt Brecht, directed by Kurt Reis, with Anthony Palmer, Anne Anglin, Ken James, Norman Welsh, Ron Hastings, Nan Stewart, Gale Garnett, Carole Galloway, Anna Resier, Tedde Moore, Marilyn Lightstone, Ray Stoddard, Sandy Webster, Roy Frader at the St. Lawrence Centre.

The productions of the St. Lawrence up until this time have been put under severe criticism. With "Puntila and Matti" though they have a chance at redeeming themselves.

Unlike the previous Ibsen play that was adapted, for obvious Canadian content reasons, this Brecht play has been left in tact. Puntila is a wealthy landowner whose social conscience diminishes in direct proportion to his sobriety. Matti is the human being, the man with the conscience. Eva is the daughter of Puntila, the object for marriage

and reconciliation between the two. Gathered around them are assorted eccentrics, lining up along the two sides for the confrontation of the conscience with the unfeeling. The comic elements of the play have the upper hand and the social message travels below the surface, unobtrusively but effectively.

Anthony Palmer, as Puntila, is the backbone of the production. He drags the play through the first seven scenes, literally by himself. Palmer has an amazing ability to bring life to the death that surrounds him.

Palmer's Puntila is a fantastically intricate character. The schizophrenic tendencies that result from his drinking are carefully defined. He does not downgrade Puntila into a stumbling, slurring, cardboard drunk. Palmer maintains fine control and carefully manipulates his high points of inebriance. He avoids tediousness. Physically Palmer

creates a unique posture for the drunk Puntila. He effectively gives the illusion of being constantly off balance. The effect is fascinating and even becomes terrifying when he begins swinging from chandeliers and climbing mountains of chairs and tables.

Ken James as Matti, is the main reason for Palmer's hard work in the play. Matti becomes a man with social conscience, effete manners, nouveau riche gestures and down home fucking. He possesses a duality that must be worked out but James' treatment is inconsistent and finally confusing. Working with Palmer the play, especially the comic sequences, would soar but working against him as he does James only serves to confuse the audience.

Anne Anglin, as Eva, is excellent. Like Palmer she has constructed her character intricately. She walks with a wiggle which effectively defines and maintains her character on stage.

Encountering Puntila the combination is everything that the association of Puntila and Matti should be.

The rest of the supporting cast when among themselves on stage are not especially memorable. However, when Puntila is among them the interaction of the two elements produce excellent comedy. Anna Resier, Carole Galloway, Tedde Moore and Marilyn Lightstone as Puntila's association of finances provide the comic high point of the first half. Early in the first half Norman Welsh (the judge), Ron Hastings (the attaché and fiancé to Eva), Ray Stoddard (the Lawyer), Sandy Webster and again Marilyn Lightstone (the parson and his wife) come together with a high flying Puntila at Eva's engagement party to make one of the funniest scenes of the play.

Unlike many of the previous productions the stage is remarkably clean and effective.

The energy of a very large cast has in no way been inhibited by an abundance of stage properties or elaborate stage decorations. The decoration is especially effective. The various shades of grey are a constant reminder to the oppressive and dismal atmosphere of the farm. When gaiety is to prevail, as in Eva's engagement party, the decorations are always of such a gaudy nature that they accent rather than clash with the basic set.

The set decorator has allowed himself one exotic item; a vintage Lincoln which Puntila drives on stage. Even this prop though is very effective in setting the mood for the following scene.

It is almost a Brecht tradition to introduce the scene with a song or at least a fragment of a song which relates to the following action: Gale Garnett did the majority of these songs and effectively made

Continued on Page 8

PROSE & POETRY

Angelology

A western day, If ever I saw
That day leaving Huntington, finding the time
To call back my nights in poems, not laws
For the fat man had left, with his bottle of wire
You'd lose but a smile, perhaps forfeit a turn
But pain travels loosely with splinters of teardrops
As I do; the difference is, I won't return.
In the back of a station, a small sign that reads:
"Jacques has converted"
I hope you will see
That Huntington middle-class
Burns down the children
Telephone wires run from cross on to cross
I hear the dogs barking
They tell me what's lost
Tell me what its like
When your skin turns to front.

-Goodyear Balloon

SCAR

All the doors have numbers
leading us somewhere,
yet in spite of the numbers
all their somewheres are nowhere.

- S. Schardt

ELEVEN MONTHS

Eleven months
since we parted
and as I lay now on my cold bed,
I am trying to recount
all the times you occurred to me,
like the result of some lavish chance,
during those past
eleven months.

Sometimes I recall your body
sometimes only your hands
if the sun is bright on my face
I feel the warmth of your cheek
but the sun doesn't want to play my game.

Occasionally
I find a hair
on a sweater or a jacket
or somewhere in my room
each cinnamon strand has a different history
in
eleven months
I have found many histories
many poems.

I am alone, but not lonely
old friends see to that
eleven months
alone
means too much time
to think and remember
and I wonder why words of love
that shovels could not have uncovered
eleven months
ago
flow freely like tears now.
just
eleven months
later.

P. Donato

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THE HEART'S A WONDER



Barbara Kyle as Pegeen Mike and Michael Burgess as Christy Mahon, the Playboy.

by John Pepper

If the most sweeping observation I have to make about *The Heart's a Wonder* is that it is far better than I expected it to be, this is partly because until a few minutes before it started I didn't rightly know what to expect. John M. Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World* is a great play — perhaps one of the last great comedies — and its beauty and power are unique and exceedingly fragile. The idea of a "musical version" suggests a repetition of the violence which Hello, Dolly! inflicted on *The Matchmaker* — the gravity of the prospective crime being greater as Synge's play is finer than Wilder's. And how strikingly inappropriate it would be to submerge the "rich joy" of Synge's drama in what he

called the "false joy of the musical comedy."

But *The Heart's a Wonder* was not intended for Broadway, nor even (though the present production was directed by Alan Lund) for Charlottetown. First given an amateur production at University College, Dublin (James Joyce's alma mater), it was conceived by authors (or rather adaptors) Nuala O'Farrell and Maureen Charlton as a "ballad opera." Instead of packaging the play in slick musical mediocrity, they have adapted all of the music from traditional Irish tunes (though a purist wouldn't admit "Finnegan's Wake" into this category), and they have tried to match them with words in Synge's own idiom and spirit. As for the

music, its eloquent simplicity actually increases the play's beauty, without taking the sting out of it; as for the words, it is saying a good deal to say that the adaptors have been partly successful.

The best of the songs are those based on the obvious lyrical solos in prose, which almost sing themselves — above all, Christy's tremendously affecting farewell in Act II and his "poet's talking" in Act III. The method fails in the case of relatively choppy dialogue passages, especially when set to boisterous dance music. The finely sarcastic "Lock him in the west room. He'll stay then and have no sin to be telling to the priest" loses or gains a word here and there and gets rammed into four end-stopped musical phrases from "Finnegan's

Wake" with the result that the rhythm is lost and the meaning and the purpose garbled. Again, the publican's great disquisition on marriage and the family is stylized as a reflective monologue, momentarily detaching us from the action — a nice touch: but versified and set to music, it becomes the assertion of a harming theatrical musical moment, at the expense of the speech's brilliantly funny logic. Elsewhere, the adaptors have yielded to the temptation to invent wholly original songs merely tangential to Synge's text (probably I suspect, to accommodate each character with his musical quota). One such song, *Widow Quin*, in Act I, was the first moment in the play which was moving rather than merely entertaining, but I think the actress deserves at least half the credit.

If the present production features occasional moments of bit musical slickness, it may be that Alan Lund's professional technique doesn't always furnish him with alternative approaches. On the whole, though, his direction and choreography are very good, and once or twice even inspired. I'm thinking especially of the danced re-enactment of the sports in Act III, which raised Christy's exploits to the level of living myth; and Mahon's public exposure of Christy, a scene whose jaggedly stylized pace and melodramatic staging set forth with maximum clarity and tension the rapid but crucial play of shifting values and relationships.

The one consistently annoying aspect of Lund's direction is the treatment of drunkenness. Granted that the social and spiritual role of poteen (illegal liquor) in the world of the play requires full emphasis; the mere exploitation of drunkenness in terms of gratuitous and too-familiar buffoonery dissipates rather than reinforces this point. Granted even that the antics of Jimmy or of Michael James were funny enough to make a cow laugh: Synge didn't write — not intentionally — for an audience of cows.

Michael Burgess is highly

convincing as Christy, and would have been more so had he begun sooner to establish his transition from the fool of the earth to the playboy of the western world. He is the best singer in the cast, and his voice is just what the music and the role require. By far the strongest performer, however, is Ann O'Dwyer as the Widow Quin, a part she has been playing since the first Dublin production this musical version. She brings an unexpectedly moving depth and truth to the part; in the last moments of the second act her exposition of the widow's loneliness, resilience and deep inner strength is a beautiful thing to watch. Alas, words suffice not to convey the bleak inadequacy of the current Pegeen, Barbara Kyle, to interpret a role featuring more than two dimensions — or maybe one and a half. True, she would have been much admired in the high school musical, because she knows a thing or two about stage presence and speaks clearly. But she has learned not a thing, but the stale repertoire of mugging, phony gestures, stridency, and "cutsie-poo" histrionic poses which have given ingenue roles a bad name — and Pegeen isn't any ingenue role. Moreover, she has to sing most of the role in her upper register, over which she has no control.

The miscasting of Vernon Chapman as Michael James is distracting, as is the impression, every time Dennis Thatcher opens his mouth, that we are seeing "My Fair Lady"; but on the whole the supporting cast is excellent. Best of these is the Old Mahon of George Merner, whose detailed comic characterizations are always a delight to watch; he could scarcely be better. Michael Fletcher's Sharon Keogh is in the same category: I was a little worried by the conjunction of his magnificent voice and Shawn's craven timidity, but without abating his resonance in the least he made it serve the character perfectly.

In short the production is well worth seeing. However, the cost of admission, right down to the student rush seats at \$2.00, is, in the current phrase, a rip-off.

Q. WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

A. They don't know yet and they have probably gone by the time you read this, but Studio Lab Theatre's last production in the Dionysian landscape of Queen Street East (the title of which has been subtly worked into the first sentence of this review: pretty good eh Bill?) was a folk-toke musical comedy about what it's

like on top of underneath the rich dark granules that are being thrown on us by to-day's fucked-up world. (Current Balcony Square editorial policy suggests that the concept of fucked-upness be introduced as often as possible in articles bearing extensive social significance.) In amongst all this are some really beautiful songs by Tom Sankey, obviously the mastermind of the work, standing over the stage a bit nervously, smiling when things go right then moving on. Outstanding are Yippee King and a song about the circularity of love and lovers. Of the rest of the cast, Norman

Quinlan offers an excellent impression of an old man who is still trying to figure it all out and Janet Day deserves credit for doing, without qualification, the best goldfish that I've ever seen. The revue is a good idea to eliminate any depressions that you might be going through and its potential will definitely increase should you decide to eliminate a joint or two before you go. In conclusion, no profound revelations, just something to make you laugh.

Paul Corby

PUNTILA AND MATTI

Continued from Page 6

them incomprehensible. Her affected guttural approach destroyed any attempt at serving a function in the play. In general the music of the play added little more than a further accent to the local colour which the decorations had effectively set.

The staging of the play was not as careful as it might have been. Working with a stage that is almost completely surrounded by the audience they can be excused for blocking the view of portions of the audience when there are a lot of people on stage. However in scenes of a smaller scale which are important to the play it seems the director has catered only to those seats with the best vantage point, the most expensive seats. They would have been better off in a lot of cases to have played at the rear of the stage where there is admittedly a more limited area but a generally better view of what's going on.

Puntila and Matti is an excellent play. The treatment by the St. Lawrence Centre group is good. Despite its length it is a production well worth seeing.



Rosemary Burris, Janet Day and Rita Deverell belt out a musical number called "Love me, kiss me".

THE CONFESSION

The Confession is the second of what people are calling Costa Gavras' revival of the political film. Costa Gavras' so called revival is not a rediscovery of the effectiveness that the medium possesses for the communication of political theory. It is rather the insight of one man into politics, government and their effect on man.

The Confession concerns the capture of Arthur Laine in Czechoslovakia in a political purge of the late forties, and his subsequent handling by the party machines and political machines. The film does not concern the political doctrines on any of the forces that Laine either represents or is in the hands of, it is rather a film of one man and how the system manipulated him.

Yves Montand plays Laine. During the course of other pictures with Costa Gavras he has developed an understanding of the director's methods. His understanding of the director's intentions shows in the excellent performance he gives. Montand does not play the role compassionately even though there is a great potential for it. Laine is not a man of any side he is just a man, a tool of the machine a cog in the machine, a product of the machine. Montand puts himself in the hands of his director. As Laine makes his moves in the political game he does not create pity, or arouse sympathy for any side but the human side. It is this close relationship between Montand and Costa Gavras that is the basis of the excellence of the film.

Like "The Fixer" the film is extremely limited in its scenes and characters. The "confession" of Laine takes place in a series of indelible and shabby rooms. This serious limitation on the visual aspect of the film serves as a testament to the technical ability

of Costa Gavras. He has not only been able to keep the film alive despite the drab backdrop but has used its severity to add to the film.

As the film progresses through the myriad of small dingy rooms the impersonal functioning of the political machine becomes more and more apparent. Initially Laine is arrested on a charge of treason. As the interrogation progresses the charge becomes more and more obscure and less and less important. Laine at first tries to fight the machine, he refuses to admit to anything which he knows is not the truth. Slowly he comes to the realization the truth is not a constant but rather a variable, a tool of the machine, a tool that he too can utilize and starts the careful selection of the truths that he will admit to.

The machine however has the ultimate control on truth. With forged documents they obliterate any attempts by Laine to work with the machine for his own benefit. Laine realizes that he must submit to the process of the machine and that his only salvation lies in being its tool. The machine does not guarantee any safety though; even tools can become ineffective and must eventually be gotten rid of.

The arbitrary method of the machine chooses Laine to be one of only three survivors from eleven convicted. Never stopping, never following any logical path, a counter-purge frees Laine five years later. The same machine jails his interrogator but frees him.

In the last scenes of the film the machine is still grinding people down. Montand is shown walking the streets of Prague, a free man, only to be encountered by the invading forces of the Russian army. In this final compassionate scene Costa Gavras drives home the fact that we are all the victims of the political machine.